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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1904.

Pay of Preachers and Teachers.

The Churchman makes special reference to the financial reports from the churches in the Southern Virginia Diocese. This report shows that the highest salary paid in the diocese is $3,600; the lowest, $2.50, "paid in supplies." Sixty churches out of 128 pay less than $150, eighteen others less than $250, and twenty-three others from $250 to $1,000. Two hundred and sixteen pay between $1,000 and $2,000; two only more than that amount.

It is a reflection upon our civilization that while salaries in the business world have greatly increased within the past fifty years, salaries of preachers and teachers, generally speaking, have increased scarcely at all. Several days ago a prominent Virginia tobacconist, in referring to these facts, said that he had two relatives, both highly educated men, the one a preacher and the other the president of a prominent Southern college, but that the salaries of the two combined were not equal to his own salary, although he had received only a common school education and had never been to college.

Here is a situation which the votaries of religion and the friends of education should consider seriously. No man worthy of the calling will go into the ministry for the pay which he is to receive, and the same is largely true of those who adopt teaching as a profession. But human nature is human nature, and the churches and the schools cannot reasonably expect to get the best talent at starvation wages. When a man goes into the ministry, or when he consecrates his life to the cause of education, he must of necessity be dependent upon his salary for a livelihood, for he puts himself in a position which debars him from money-making pursuits. Preachers and teachers cannot, as men in other pursuits may do, trade and get gain and accumulate. They must devote all their energies to the work which they are doing, if it is to be done successfully, and they should have compensation sufficient to keep themselves and their families in comfort, with a sufficient surplus to enable them to lay by something for their old age, otherwise men of talent will be reluctant to enter either of these professions.

Our churches and our schools are more or less in competition with business institutions in bidding for talent, and if they get the best talent they must pay the market price for it. This may be regarded by some as a sordid view, but it is the business view, and "business is business."

Death of General Ransom.

After a long and notable career, in which he performed distinguished and valuable services for his State, for the Southern Confederacy and for the United States, General Matthew Whitaker Ransom, of North Carolina, has gone to his reward.

He was born in Warren county, N. C., in 1826, graduated from the University at Chapel Hill and was admitted to the bar in 1847; was Attorney-General in 1852-'55; member of the State Legislature in 1858-'60; served as lieutenant-colonel and brigadier-general in the Confederate army; was elected by the Democrats to the United States Senate in 1872 and served until 1855, when he was appointed minister to Mexico by President Cleveland. After his return from Mexico he retired to private life and devoted himself to his extensive farming interests in Northampton county.

Such is a brief sketch of his life—a life full of honors and full of activities. He was a man of great physical as well as of great mental force, and in every position which he filled he was industrious and energetic and always worked with a will. It was given to few men to be endowed with so many gifts of mind and body. Handsome and aristocratic in appearance, possessed of a ringing, musical voice, having the manner and manners of a Chesterfield, genial and cordial and magnetic and thoroughly sociable, he was altogether as attractive a personality as one would meet in a year's travel in any land, the idol of his relatives and his intimates.

He was as dashing a soldier as ever drew blade, and one of the most gallant leaders in the Confederate army. A man of rare cultivation, with the training of a lawyer and the courage of a soldier, he was a most engaging public speaker, carrying into his discourses the arguments of the logician and the poetry and ornamentation of the orator. He rarely spoke in the United States Senate, but in the early days of his service in that body he made his famous "turn on the light" speech, which was the sensation of the hour and brought him into great and favorable prominence at the North, as well as at the South. Having thus introduced himself and won the respect of his colleagues, he then, with great tact, ingratiated himself into the favor and good graces of his Northern associates, and it is doubtful if any Southern senator had greater influence in Congress than Senator Ransom. He did a great work for North Carolina and for the entire South, and was largely instrumental in bringing about a more friendly relationship between the sections.

There is mourning throughout North Carolina on the death of Ransom, but there is pride in the record that he made.

Railroad Accidents.

It is our boast that American railroads are the finest in the world, that we have the brightest railroad managers in the world and the finest service, but accident after accident and disaster after disaster proclaim the fact that we are far from having the safest service. An efficient bulletin just sent out by the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that during the past year 9,864 persons were killed in railroad wrecks and 78,247 injured! These figures are the more startling when brought into comparison with reports from England. The English roads haul more passengers than ours, yet during the past year there was not one passenger killed in England. It is true that we have a much greater mileage than England, and our roads extend over a long territory, but even taking these facts into consideration, our casualties are out of all proportion.

Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway Company, was recently asked by the New York Journal of Commerce what he would suggest as a means of preventing such accidents. He replied that until the public realized its own danger from the neglect of those whose duty it is to protect trains, there would be no relief from the liability to accidents. He admitted that the difficulty in enforcing discipline and the careless familiarity with which men take not only their own lives, but the lives of passengers into danger, would not be prevented until those who were responsible through criminal neglect were punished criminally.

It has been charged that the numerous accidents on American railways are due largely to the fact that the managers of these roads are so bent on making money that they do not take the proper precautions. But we think that the figures would show that it is more expensive for railroads to have accidents and pay damages for the passengers whom they kill or maim than it would be to spend the money necessary to prevent accidents. However that may be, it is certain that the people are becoming very much aroused on this subject, and if the accidents do not stop they will call the railroad managers to account and will resort to extreme measures, if necessary, to protect the life and limb of passengers.

Chinese Cheap Labor.

A few years ago if a man in the East had been asked to say upon what question the people of California were unanimously agreed, he would have mentioned with a feleing of certainty the Chinese exclusion act. But by and by Joaquin Miller appeared in print with the statement that for the most part the people of California liked the Chinese and wished to keep all that they had and were willing to take more. He repeats that statement in the current number of Arena. He declares that "the act for the exclusion of these most sober, industrious and patient little people was about the worst thing that ever happened to California, which is so much in need of reliable labor," and he further declares that the real Californians desire that the act be modified, if not entirely abrogated. "The truth is," Mr. Miller proceeds, "California demands a class of labor that is willing to get out and labor, and that is what all the Southern States want and what all the States want. We want that, and just that, be the labor white, black or brown."

In conclusion Mr. Miller calls the attention of Congress and the attention of the President to these alleged facts, and says that "We all need and all want the Chinese with us—all except the labor unions." But the members of Congress and the President will not take Mr. Miller's word for it. The only way to test the question is at the ballot box, and we advise this champion of Chinese cheap labor to get the people of California to take a test vote on the subject. Let the Chinese question be reduced to its simplest form and let all the people vote upon it by secret ballot. If this be done and if the people decide with Mr. Miller, he may be sure that the President and the members of Congress will then give heed.

The Liquor Traffic.

The editor of the Cosmopolitan in the current number of that magazine discusses the liquor problem, and after pointing out the evils of the liquor traffic, which all men concede, he says that the true solution of the problem is to be found in a compromise between prohibitionists and those who believe in the licensed sale of alcoholic drinks. He says that absolute prohibition is condemned by a considerable portion of the community, while unrestricted license is condemned by a still larger portion, and that the mean between these two lies in turning over the liquor traffic to the government. He argues that all liquors should be sold from state depots; should be sold only in packages to be consumed elsewhere than in the sales-room; that no sales should be made to minors; that the liquor sold should be of the best quality; and that the prices charged under such a system would be more reasonable than those charged by the liquor sellers, yet would still be large enough to give the government a revenue several times that now derived from licenses.

This system has long been in operation in the State of South Carolina, and it has been successful from a financial point of view. It could not well be otherwise, as the State has a monopoly of the liquor traffic. But the very fact that it has been financially successful, the very fact that the revenues from this source have been increased from year to year, is sufficient proof that the dispensary has not materially reduced the quantity of liquor consumed by the people of South Carolina. It appears that the people of that State drink as much liquor as the people of other States drink, man for man, and it surely does not appear from newspaper reports that there has been any reduction in crime under the dispensary system, nor any improvement in public morals. For our part, we are on principle uncompromisingly opposed to government control and operation of the liquor traffic or any traffic, as this is clearly without the function of government and in violation of principles upon which our form of government rests. The only argument in favor of the dispensary system from any point of view is that it abolishes the open saloon and all resorts wherein liquor is sold and consumed, but this can just as well be accomplished without the dispensary system as with it.

There is no doubt that the open saloon is a great evil. It is the place where young men learn to drink; it is the place where men congregate to drink socially; it the place of constant temptation to those who have a desire for drink, and it is frequently the place of resort for bad characters. But by vote of the people the open saloon could be abolished without any violation of the personal rights of individuals and without resort to what we call sumptuary laws. Wherever sentiment is in favor of it, it is an easy matter to close up the saloons and restrict the liquor traffic to the sale of alcohol drinks in packages to be consumed elsewhere than in the sales-room. Those who claim the right to buy and to drink liquor could have no reasonable ground of complaint against such a regulation. All men have a right to buy and to drink liquor, but they have no right to do either in such a way as to make themselves offensive to the public. The practical and practicable remedy for the liquor evil is not in sight. But, speaking negatively, the remedy is not to be found in government control and operation.

Bedford's Experiment.

For some time past the county of Bedford has been working penitentiary convicts procured on the public roads. The county has been employing a force of twenty-five convicts and but recently has made a requisition for sixteen more.

We infer from that that the experiment in Bedford has proven to be satisfactory to the county authorities, but it has not been the policy of the State of Virginia thus to employ its convicts. There have been some legislative enactments in that direction, but the employment of convicts inside the penitentiary walls has been so profitable that the State government has been reluctant to abandon the system of hiring convicts to those who conduct the penitentiary factories. It has always been our contention, however, that the system is wrong. The State ought not to employ its convicts in manufacturing industries. The State has no business to be making a profit out of the labor of its convicts. It would be far better for the State to shut up the factories altogether and employ its convicts on the State farm and in public improvements. The State could well afford to allow all able-bodied male convicts to be put out on the roads provided the counties so employing them would pay the cost of maintenance. We hope that the experiment thus made in the county of Bedford will have a good effect throughout the State. We hope that other counties will find it profitable to employ State convicts in improving the public highways, and that, by and by, the penitentiary factories will be abolished and the convicts generally employed on public works.

God's Care.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount."—Deut. 1, 6.

God knows then how long we have been here or there. He keeps the time. He knows when we have been "long enough" in one place. He does not always consult us, and sometimes He seems to come down upon our life with a precision and an imperativeness which makes us feel how little, after all, we have to do with what we call our own concerns.

A blessed life surely, and most sweet; altogether tender, restful is it when we "wait patiently upon God and tarry His leisure," until we receive His command and then go out to do His bidding with both hands, and the unbroken consent of the entire mind.

God takes for granted that no question will arise upon His instructions. Surely in this very method of approaching us a tribute is paid to our noblest qualities. Infinite is the wisdom of God.

We may get tired even of mountains. Wherever we live we need change. We sometimes think that we could live here always. But God does not take us at our word.

We are ordered down from the mountain. God will not have any heaven built upon earth. Who can build straight upon a crooked foundation? Who would rear an eternal palace upon foundations that are doomed to be burnt?

So we are told to descend the mountain, though the sky be at its bluest, and the air full of health, and our vision and general senses be so quickened that we can almost detect the presence of spirits and ministering angels.

There are many mountains to come down. Mountains of supposed strength, when the most robust man must lie down and say, "I am very weary." Mountains of prosperity, when Croesus himself must come down saying, "I am a poor man, let the meanest slave serve me, for I can no longer serve myself." And then there is the time when God says to everyone of us: You have been long enough on the mountain of time; pass through the grave to the everlasting hills of eternity.

Sometimes we wonder when He will come, and think we have been forgotten. So long are some men kept on the outside, on the very top of the hill, in bare rocky places, and drenched with dews. But God cannot forget. He has pledged Himself never to forget His own.

When ordered by God away from the mountain, where shall His people take up their abode? God has many localities at His command, so He disperses His flock, setting them "in the plain," "in the little hills," "in the vale," "by the seaside," and "unto the great river."

What space God has! "In My Father's house are many mansions;" in My Father's place are many localities. God has places enough and set aside for all.

Do not say that God has done with you because He has driven you from one place, one business, one happy engagement in life. Where you were making your honest bread, and where you could sleep all the night, untroubled by a single harrassing thought or bitter memory. We did think it hard when that last door was shut. When we turned away that day our face was wet with tears and furrowed by sorrow and disappointment. We went home saying, the end has come, there is no more hope! And behold while we talked thus foolishly the cloud opened and we caught such a glimpse of the radiant morning as our heavy eyes had never beheld before.

It cost us much to leave the old homestead, the sweet place haunted by ten thousand tender memories and blessed by the recollection of many an answered prayer. But God has other places and avenues for usefulness waiting for us.

We must entirely leave the old life up new lines of work under Him.

If God is the only-wise, if God is Love, if God is Light, if God gave Himself for me, why not say: "Not my will, but Thine be done." Take me from the mountain to the plain, the hills, or the vale, the seaside, or the river, and the taking shall be as a vision of heaven.

Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy you could be something grand or great, if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned to you.

God understands His own plan, and he knows what you need, and great deal better than you do. The very things that you must deprecate, as fatal limitations are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are most probably God's opportunities.

Bring down your soul, or rather, bring it up, to receive God's will, and do His work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, amid your bodily weakness, against your temptations, and you will then find that your condition was never opposed to your real good, but really the place and plan, needful to win the victory.

Mr. Al. Fairbrother, who may be described as a journalistic genius, has recently enlarged and otherwise improved his unique magazine, published at Greensboro, N. C. This magazine is published semi-monthly and rejoices in the peculiar name of "Everything." It is one of the snappiest and most readable publications that reaches our table, and is peculiar in that it is Fairbrother's own, which is equivalent to saying that there is no other periodical just like it in this or any other country. As for that matter, no other man writes just like Fairbrother, and he is the originator of nearly everything that goes into "Everything." That the gifted editor has made a hit with "Everything" is proven by the fact that although the magazine is not quite two years old, it has acquired a very large circulation, extending from Florida to the Potomac. It is very popular all over North Carolina and the border sections of Virginia.

There must be some real frosty weather pretty soon or we will not be able to properly appreciate Indian summer when it comes.

Opportunities seem to be lurking around in many cities for ambitious prosecuting attorneys to make Folks of themselves.

Richmond loves the spellbinder even though his service is not needed in the political business in hand.

Your Uncle Grover is doing his spellbinding at twenty-five cents a line in this campaign.

RICHMOND IN THE DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY

Through the kindness of Mr. W. D. Selden, book and news dealer in the Chamber of Commerce building, we have been permitted to examine "The Strangers' Guide and Official Directory of the City of Richmond," published by George P. Evans & Co. in 1863. At that time, it needs not to be said, Richmond was the Capital of the Confederacy, and one of the first items in "The Guide" is the location of the government buildings, as follows:

The "Treasury Building," a granite structure, formerly known as the "Custom House," fronts on Main and Bank Streets, midway between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. The principal entrance is on Bank Street.

The General Postoffice Building (formerly "Goddin's building"), is a stuccoed edifice at the corner of Bank and Eleventh Streets; entrance on Eleventh Street.

The "War Department Building" (formerly "Mechanics' Institute"), fronts on Ninth Street, opposite Bank Street. It is surmounted by a large and conspicuous observatory.

The State Courthouse is situated in the Capitol Square, at the intersection of Franklin and Twelfth Streets.

The City Hall fronts on Broad and Capitol Streets, with a side entrance on Eleventh Street.

"The Winder Building" fronts on Broad and extends to Capitol Street, with side entrance on Tenth Street.

The next item gives the personnel of the Confederate government, as follows:

EXECUTIVE.

Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President.

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President.

AIDS TO PRESIDENT.

Colonel William M. Browne; residence, Franklin Street, Church Hill, second door from Twenty-sixth Street.

Colonel James Chestnut, of South Carolina.

Colonel William Preston Johnson, of Kentucky; residence at Mr. Dill's, on Meadow Bridge road.

Colonel Joseph C. Ives, of Mississippi; residence, corner Grace and First Streets.

Colonel G. W. Custis Lee, of Virginia; residence, Franklin, between Seventh and Eighth Streets.

Colonel John T. Wood; residence, Sixth Street, south of Main, in rear of Second Baptist Church.

The President's office was on the third floor of the Treasury building. The Vice-President resided in Georgia, but when in Richmond he "sojourned" at the residence of Mr. Baskerville, on Franklin Street, between Eighth and Ninth. Hon. Judah P. Benjamin was Secretary of State, with L. Q. Washington as chief clerk. His office was in the front part of the Treasury building.

Hon. C. C. Memminger, of South Carolina, was Secretary of the Treasury, with office in the same building. Hon. James A. Seddon, of Virginia, was Secretary of War, his office being in the War Department building. Hon. S. R. Mallory, of Florida, was Secretary of the Navy, his office being on the second floor of the War Department building. Hon. Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, was Attorney-General, with an office on the second floor of the War Department building. Hon. John H. Reagen, of Texas, was Postmaster-General, with an office in the general postoffice building. His residence was at the northwest corner of Marshall and Second Streets. President Davis's residence was at the corner of Clay and Twelfth Streets.

The President's private secretary was Burton N. Harrison, of Mississippi, who resided at the President's house.

Thompson Allen, of Georgia, was commissioner of taxes, with office in a back building on Governor Street, formerly an addition to the "Richmond House." General S. Cooper was adjutant and inspector-general, his residence being on the northwest corner of Grace and Third Streets. Brigadier A. R. Lawton, of Georgia, was quartermaster-general, with office at the southwest corner of Main and Ninth Streets. Captain S. Putney was in charge of the shoe department.

Colonel J. Gorgas was chief of ordnance, with an office in the War building. The Richmond arsenal was situated on Byrd Island, as that part of the city between the canal and the river was called. The arsenal and adjacent ground occupied nearly four squares of ground, fronting on Seventh Street. The building thereon formerly used as tobacco factories were occupied as workshops. The laboratory was on Brown's Island, at the foot of Seventh Street, with Captain W. M. Smith in charge. The artillery workshops were on Seventh Street, south of the canal, with James B. Brown superintendent. The artillery store was in charge of Captain J. Wilcox Brown, and the ordnance store, on Seventh Street, was in charge of O. W. Edwards. All of these departments were under the command of Colonel W. LeRoy. The armory was situated at the southern terminus of Fifth Street, with Major W. S. Downer in charge.

The commissary department was in charge of Colonel I. B. Northrup, commissary-general, with office at No. 213 Main Street, near Ninth.

Dr. Samuel Preston Moore was surgeon-general, with an office in the War Department building. His assistant was Dr. C. H. Smith, with Dr. W. A. Carrington as medical director and Dr. R. S. J. Peebles as assistant to Dr. Carrington. Dr. F. Sorrell was inspector of hospitals. The "Military Department of Richmond" included all that portion of Eastern Virginia not embraced within the Department of Northern Virginia, General R. E. Lee, commanding. Major-General Arnold Elzey was commandant of the Department of Richmond.

Brigadier-General G. H. Winder was commander of the "Department of Henrico," his office being in the Winder building, corner of Broad and Tenth Streets. His adjutants were Major J. W. Pegram and Captain W. S. Winder. Major E. Grizwell was provost marshal. The provost marshal's prison ("Castle Thunder") was on Cary Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, with Captain W. Alexander in charge. Libby Prison (for prisoners of war) was corner of Cary and Twentieth Streets. Captain T. P. Turner, commanding; Captain La Touch, adjutant, and Captain Jackson Warner, quartermaster. Camp Lee was a military post in the Department of Henrico, Colonel J. C. Shields commanding. The camp was situated about one mile west of the city, between the road leading from Broad Street and the Fredericksburg Railroad, and also formerly known as the new fair grounds. Cars were run between the city and the Camp Lee every hour; fare each way, fifty cents.

Colonel J. H. Preston, of South Carolina, was chief of the Bureau of Conscription, with office on the east side of Ninth Street, south of Main. Major Thomas G. Peyton was commandant of the camp for instructions for Virginia conscripts.

There were various other bureaus and offices, including the Bureau of Exchange of Prisoners of War, with Robert Ould, commissioner; the Railroad Bureau, Major F. W. Sims, quartermaster; Commissioner for collection and distribution of old iron, Colonel C. F. M. Garnett; army intelligence office, Rev. J. A. Crocker in charge; signal office, Indian bureau, ambulance office, etc.

At that time John Letcher was Governor of Virginia, with R. L. Montague, father of the present Governor of Virginia, as Lieutenant-Governor. James F. Johnson was president pro tem. of the Senate, and Shelton C. Davis, of Henrico, was clerk. George W. Randolph was the senator from Richmond. Hugh W. Sheffey, of Augusta, was Speaker of the House, and William M. Gordon, of Albemarle, was clerk. The delegates from Richmond city were Wyndham Robertson, D. I. Burr and David J. Saunders.

The Governor's mansion was the same as that now in existence, and the Governor's office was in the third story of the Capitol. Lieutenant-Governor Montague resided in the country. Other State officers were as follows: Aid to the Governor, Colonel S. Basset French; Attorney-General, J. Randolph Tucker; Secretary of the Commonwealth, Colonel George Wythe Munford; Auditor of the Public Accounts, John M. Bennot, of Lewis county; Second Auditor, Henry W. Thomas, of Fairfax; Treasurer, John S. Calvert, of Shenandoah; Register of Land Office, Stafford H. Parker; Superintendent of Penitentiary, Collin Bass, of Roanoke; Adjutant-General, Colonel William H. Richardson; Assistant, John G. Mosby, Jr.; Inspector-General, Major Joseph Selden.

The members of the Supreme Court of Appeals were John J. Allen, of Botetourt, president; William Daniel, of Lynchburg; Richard C. L. Moncure, of Henrico; William J. Robertson, of Charlottesville; George L. Lee, of Harrison. The Court of Appeals held its session at Richmond from the 12th of October to the 24th of November; from the 3d of January to the 12th of March, and from the 5th of April to the 24th of May.

John A. Meredith was judge of the Circuit Court, of which Benjamin Pollard was clerk, and Henry K. Ellyson was sheriff. George M. Gregory was judge of the Henrico Circuit Court, with Johnson Sands as clerk. William H. Lyons was judge of the Hustings Court, with William Howard as clerk. Dr. St. George Peachy was coroner.

The Richmond city officers were as follows: Joseph Mayo, Mayor; George A. Freeman, high constable; Thomas P. Harrison, city auditor; Dabney H. Miller, assessor; Julius A. Hobson, collector of taxes; W. Gill, city engineer; John J. Fry, superintendent of gas works; James L. Davis, superintendent of water works; Richard Folks, city gauger. There were fifteen members of the police force.

The principal banks were the Exchange Bank, the Farmers Bank of Virginia, the Bank of the Commonwealth, the Bank of Richmond, and the Traders Bank. At that time the train for Petersburg left daily at 5:50 A. M., and the accommodation train left daily, except Sunday, at 4:30 P. M. There were only two trains a day between Richmond and Petersburg. The packet boats for Lynchburg left Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5 P. M.

The principal hotels were the Ballard House, the Spottswood Hotel, the American Hotel, the Powhatan Hotel and the Columbian Hotel, on Thirteenth Street, beyond Cary. The only churches mentioned in the Guide are St. Paul's, St. James, St. John's, Monumental, First Baptist, Second Baptist and Grace Street Baptist, Broad Street Methodist, Trinity, Centenary, First Presbyterian, Second Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, corner of Franklin and Eighth; Disciples' and St. Peter's Cathedral. There were more hospitals than churches in those days.

The newspapers were the Whig, the Sentinel, the Examiner, the Inquirer, the Dispatch, all daily, and the Southern Illustrated News, the Magnolia, Southern Punch, Southern Literary Messenger, the Record, the Religious Herald, the Central Presbyterian, the Christian Advocate, the Southern Churchman and the Christian Observer.

The Boy at Awkward Age--Hints to Parents.

Trials of Boys Between 12 and 18—Mothers Comprehend and Befriend, While Fathers Usually Criticise—Signs of Dawning Manhood—Encourage Friendship Between Boys and Girls.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Few boys escape the trials of the awkward age, as disagreeable to themselves as it is provoking to their neighbors. Between 12 and 18 most boys have a hard time of it, and if they could choose would not in the least object to life on a desert island instead of life at home under a hot fire of exasperating criticism.

Mabel at 12 is her father's pet and darling. Her mother's pride in her daughter now expands a trifle as she realizes how beautiful the child is going to be a few years hence. Mabel's legs may be long, her neck thin, her general air lean and overgrown, but she is like a thoroughbred colt, and suggests triumphal possibilities later in her career. Everybody pets the young girl. Everybody extends her a helping hand. Every advantage is hers, and she flourishes in an atmosphere sweet with affection and stimulating with praise.

But Hugh has a different experience. His hands and feet at a certain stage are grotesquely out of proportion to the rest of him, and he hears so much on the subject that it makes him self-conscious and clumsy.

His shoes are thick and he clumps about on them with the tread of an elephant.

He has not yet sighted the spot where neatness is of importance in his eyes, and he despises girls and keeps out of their way. As for his hands, they are so grubby that soap and water make but slight impression on them. All the dirt that has accumulated since the boy's curls were cut off and he stopped wearing embroidered collars seems ground into the hands of a boy of 12.

With an intense desire that his son should be manly, Hugh's father too often adopts a fashion of sternness in his intercourse with the lad.

He calls him sir and brings him up with a round turn in the presence of the family. The slightest forgetfulness, the smallest fault of a boy is visited on him by his father with instant reproof, while the very same error committed by the boy's sister is at once condoned by the same father often in the same hour.

A boy's best friend, he fancies his only friend, at this crisis is his mother.

She reflects that he is undergoing a transition, and that transitions are always trying. She slips up to his room at night, her soft arm gently steals under his shaggy head and she talks to him about his day's work, about his school, his plans and his fun. Mother does not laugh when Hugh confides to her that the club he keeps under his bed is intended for burglars or Indians; she encourages him in the hope that when he has grown up he may be a fighting man, if he wants to, then.

Mother comprehends that the blustering egotism which sits so defiantly on her growing lad is nothing but a phase, that it is the natural outcome of the period and in itself a token of dawning manhood. She develops this excellent quality along right lines, when she takes the boy with her as her evening escort and makes a point of introducing him to her friends.

Mother takes as much pains to have Hugh's room attractive and beautiful as she does to fit up a little white nest for Mabel. The boy's den must be a refuge for him, and he should have liberty to invite his friends there at his will. Good mothers know this, and they are nice to Hugh's friends.

* * *

The chrysalis of the awkward age falls off after awhile. It is succeeded by the age of extreme anxiety on the subject of stockings and neckties, cuffs and collars. The boy cares about his clothes, and begins to have opinions about their cut and color. No more worry over his hands and finger-nails now. They are immaculate, and as for bathing, he almost lives in the tub.

Mabel smiles. There is a girl across the way, and Mabel sees that Hugh is much impressed with the girl's good looks, with her gayety and her pretty toilettes.

The awkward age is gone. Adam has awakened to his birthright, Eve looms up on the horizon.

There are fathers and mothers, singularly foolish and short-sighted, who snub their sons at this critical moment, and ridicule their shy desire to be friends with girls. The cruelty of making fun of a boy at this time is akin to the spirit which inflicts torture on dumb animals, for the boy, in a way, is dumb, and has not yet the power or the vocabulary with which to defend himself against laughter.

Nothing is more to be wished for in a boy's education for life than that he shall early find congenial comradeship in good and sweet girls. This is not sentiment.

It is not even faintly the mating call of sex, that instinct being in abeyance. The boy is not in love nor is the girl, when both are merging from childhood into adolescence. Boys and girls meet on the common ground of a good time, and their companionship is a wonderful help to them in acquiring social ease and grace, while the boy's dormant chivalry is aroused for the girl's protection, and her innate sense of decorum tides him over crudeness and roughness that are the husks of his finer feelings.

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Bear with the boy at the awkward age. He longs to be a fighter by and by. Show him that he must be a fighter now. On every hand he will encounter temptations to meanness, cowardice, deceit, or to furtiveness, which is a boy's worst fault. You cannot hope to have an abnormal boy who will be without a flaw. Help him to struggle against whatever is his weakest point, and make him sure that you are his friend and sympathizer, although you cannot approve of all he does. The awkward age soon passes, but a habit of furtiveness, if established, will make the future man a coward and a sneak.

Diffidence is the hampering condition of many a man who was too much put down as a boy and permitted to shirk the burden of entertaining company and meeting strangers. As a good manner helps to success in every vocation, a boy should be assisted in the formative years to forget himself and to choose the right pathway between aggressiveness and painful shyness. Modesty becomes youth, but bashfulness is not modesty's twin, nor even modesty's understudy; it is merely a slave afraid of its own shadow. Though it haunt the footsteps of the lad at the awkward age, it need not harry him beyond its limits.